



A

C

P

V A N E L I A:
OR, THE *R*
A M O U R S
OF THE
G R E A T.
A N
O P E R A.

As it is Acted

By a Private Company near St. James's.
(Court Scandal)

*My Play a Salesman's Shop you'll find,
Where civilly I'll treat you :
To a Fool's Coat of any kind
You're welcome if it fit you.*

The FOURTH EDITION.

L O N D O N,
Printed for E. RAYNER, at the Pamphlet-Shop
next the George-Tavern, Charing-Cross.

MDCCXXXII.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]



INTRODUCTION.

PLAYER.

AUTHOR.

Player. WELL, what have ye there?

Author. A Trifle, which I am afraid will never bear acting, there is so little Satire in it.

Player. Nay, that's a good Reason truly; — However, let's see it.

Author. Nay, there is yet a worse Reason; I can't so much as guess where the Scene is laid. I found it amongst some Papers of Mr. *Lofty*, my Uncle, who was the City-Poet.

Player. Well, but what is the Plot?

Author. Why, egad, the Plot too is none of the best, and no way suits the present time: It shews, that tho' the Great put on an outward Form of Virtue and Probity; yet at the Bottom there is little in it but gratifying their Passions. In short; for that
there

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there is nothing but Wickedness in the World.

Player. Why, that's, as you say, still more out of the way; but is there no altering it a little to make it more fashionable?

Author. Nay, though I assume the Title of Author to myself, yet, as I have only alter'd some of the obsolete Words, so I can't find a way to vary the Sense, without betraying a want of Spirit. In a word, Sir, it must go as it is; for I can't mend it.

Player. But hark'e, hark'e, good Sir; have you no Guess who Prince *Alexis* was?

Author. Really, I can't tell; but by some loose Papers, I have found that he was an *Italian*.

Player. An *Italian*, gadso; suppose we put it upon Don *Carlos*; ——— that would modernize it.

Author. I don't like meddling with Don *Carlos*; for at present, do you see, if any thing should happen amiss from *Spain*, some *Inuendo*-maker might lay a Charge on our Opera: You know such a thing would make us very uneasy. I am for letting it go, as it is, a general Satire upon Vice and Folly.

Player. That's the most dangerous of all. I hope there's nothing in it against Corruption.

Author. No, no; Amour is the chief: the Sallies of a youthful Prince, and the
In-

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Intrigues of an old Letcher, who does it merely to get Reputation.

Player. Pho! those are scarce thought Follies or Vices either in these polite Times.

Author. I hope they are not thought Virtues.

Player. Egad, this is a meer Point — But is there ne'er a Parson roasted in it?

Author. No —

Player. Then positively it wo'n't do: Why, Sir, that's an unpardonable Omission, and shews it to be the Performance of a City-Poet. Had he ever stray'd towards St. James's, he could not have stumbled into a Coffee-House where he would not have learn'd that the Clergy are the darling Topick of modern Ridicule.

Author. You have found abundance of Faults, Sir; and some, I hope, that won't be found by the Audience. I am diffident enough of the Success myself; but you discourage me so much, that I have a good mind to take it home again.

Player. No, no; we'll try it: Who knows what Luck it may have? At least as there's no Politicks in't, it wo'n't be obnoxious — The *M* — Justices will suffer us to play it at quiet, 'tis to be hoped.

Au.

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Author. I am content, though I must
say I am still fearful: Men were always
vicious in their Actions, but now they are
so in their Conceptions. Satire loses its
Force where Men have lost all Shame.

Tho' Virtue starv'd of old, yet Fame it rais'd;
On still it starves, but 'tis no longer prais'd.



Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Prince Alexis.

Lord Haughty, a vain empty old Coxcomb.

Lord Supple, Favourite of the Prince, and Confident of all his Amours.

Lord Almirus, formerly in love with Vanelia.

Schirrus, Father to Skirressa.

Abraham, Servant to Lord Haught

Skip, Footman to Lord Almirus.

W O M E N.

Vanelia, Mistress to Prince Alexis.

Skirressa, secretly kept by Lord Haughty, to whom her Father sold her; a great Pretender to Virtue and Religion.

Flirtilla, a fine Court-Lady, full of Intrigue, cunning and malicious; secretly endeavouring to ruin Vanelia with the Prince.

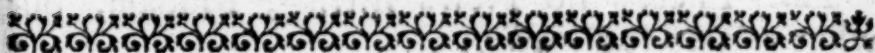
Lucy, Woman to Vanelia;

Patty, Maid to Skirressa.

(I)



V A N E L I A:
OR, THE
AMOURS of the GREAT.



A C T I.

S C E N E I. *A Parlour.*

Enter SKIRESSA and PATTY.

Skiressa.



HAVE you sent my Letter to *Flirtilla*?

Patty. Yes, Madam; and she'll wait on you in half an Hour.

Skir. Don't I look strangely pale to-
[*Looking in the Glass.*

Day, *Patty*?

B

Patty

VANELIA: Or, The

Pat. Your Ladyship only fancies so; for, in my Opinion, you look most killingly handsome.

Skir. Flattery is thy Talent, I believe you learn it of the odious Fellows: Prithee, leave it off, or I must be oblig'd to part with you, I am so fond of Sincerity.

Pat. Oh dear Madam! I protest your Ladyship makes me blush.

Skir. At what, pray?

Pat. At the very Name of Sincerity. Why, Madam, it's as much out of Fashion, as the stiffen'd-bodied Gowns and Ruffs wore in the Days of good Queen *Bess*.

Skir. Thou't a whimsical Girl, I scarce know how to be angry with thee. Come, open your Budget of News, and try if it's possible to laugh me out of the Vapours:

Pat. There's no News stirring, Madam, but what relates to *Vanelia*.

Skir. *Vanelia*! Poor lost Thing! Why has any Body found out where she is?

Pat. She has furnish'd a fine House, Madam, and given Notice to all her Acquaintance, that she receives publick Visits two Days in a Week; won't Your Ladyship go, if it be but to see how she becomes a big Belly.

Skir. You surprize me! Sure you are misinform'd? The Creature can never have the Assurance to look any body in the Face, when the Mark of her Shame appears so visible. Tho', if some speak Truth, it is not her first Fault: You know the Story of Lord *Almirus*.

Pat. Yes, Madam, they say he was before-hand with his Master. But, be that as it will, Prince *Alexis* is entirely fond of her, and she, so far from being ashamed, boasts of her glorious Conquest.

AMOURS of the GREAT

A I R I.

Tune, Bessy Bell, &c.

*The Lass who trips in Country-Town;
Her Teeming-time beginning,
At Church in a White-Sheet is shewn
And Shame pursues her sinning.*

*At Court, where true Politeness reigns;
The pleasing Sin's rewarded;
And so well Gold rubs out all Stains,
That Shame is ne'er regarded.*

Enter FLIRTILLA.

Flirt. Good-morrow, my dear *Skiressa*, I am glad to hear you so merry; you sent me Word you were indisposed.

Skir. So I really am, my Dear; but this mad Girl has been dinning my Brains with a long Tale of *Vanelia*, and a little of her sweet singing.

Flirt. Mrs. *Martha* is in the right; she must not let you be melancholly.

Skir. How is it possible to be otherwise, when one reflects on the Wickedness of the Age? Virtue is neglected, and Infamy now has the best Title to a Coach and Six.

Flirt. Why, do you imagine every body is obliged to be so very complaisant, that they must directly fall into the Taste of Prince *Alexis*.

Skir. Taste do you call it? 'Tis a strange clumsy one. I never thought the Creature tolerable.

She's young indeed, and very silly, which may in some measure excuse her Fault; for it is impossible for a Fool to resist the least Temptation.

Flirt. You make the Prince but an ill Compliment, when you find so much fault with his Choice. I design to pay that Lady a Visit this Afternoon, for I long to see how she will behave in her present Circumstances.

Skir. I would go with you, but I fear it may cast a Blemish on one's Reputation.

Flirt. Not in the least, Child; I'll engage we find her Apartment fill'd with People of Quality and Distinction. No body scruples to visit the Mistress of a Prince.

Skir. Well, since you think so, I will venture; but, if it should come to my Father's Knowledge, he would never forgive me.

Pat. Please your Ladyship, the Tea waits.

Skir. Come, my Dear, we'll talk the Matter over at Breakfast.

[*Exit Skirressa and Flirtilla. Skirressa returns, and speaks to Patty.*]

Skir. Be sure you don't stir out; for I expect a Letter from Lord *Haughty*: You must send him Word I'll be at home precisely at Eight o'Clock.

[*She goes out.*]

PATTY *sola.*

Well! this Mistress of mine is is an excellent Hypocrite. Who would not take her for a Saint, that saw her so constantly at Church, turning up the Whites of her Eyes, and praying so fervently? Nay, the best Jest of all is, she thinks she imposes upon my Understanding, and because her pious Fether is generally in the Room, would have me believe that her Conversation with Lord *Haughty*

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is perfectly innocent, and that he makes her so many valuable Presents for nothing. But she's plaguily mistaken; I know what's what better than so: Married Men do not visit Ladies of her Age so secretly, and at such late Hours, only to admire their Virtue. Beside, I am certain, Lord *Haughty* maintains the whole Family, their own small Fortune would not defray the Expence of three Months; and yet this modest Lady is afraid of her Reputation, for visiting *Vanelia*, when, if the Truth were known, she wishes herself in her Place. Lord *Haughty* is old and toothless, I know she hates him; but Interest obliges her to comply, and be very observing.

A I R II.

Tune, Of all the foolish Things we do.

*If Mankind of our Sex would judge right,
In spight of our Art and our Airs,
They need but read us backwards quite,
As Witches, 'tis said, say their Prayers.*

*This soon would unravel each Doubt,
Since painted in Mind and in Skin;
Like Angels while we are dress'd and stuck out,
We are black as the Devil within.*

[Exit Patty.]

SCENE

SCENE II. *A publick Walk.**Enter ALMIRUS, attended by SKIP.*

Alm. Well, *Skip*, did you get near enough to hear any thing?

Skip. Yes, my Lord, I heard a very merry Dialogue.

Alm. Dialogue, Sirrah! Will you never learn Manners? Consider how it is you are talking of.

Skip. Your Lordship will be so good as to pardon me, I hope. I mean no harm; but it's an ugly Trick I have got.

Alm. What Trick, Rascal? Must I wait your Leisure? Why don't you tell me what was said, ha?

Skip. I shall spoil the whole Story, if I mayn't tell it in my own way, my Lord.

Alm. Tell it some way quickly, or I shall break your Head.

Skip. Why then, your Lordship must know, I got close behind them; and says Lord *Supple* to the Prince, I know a much prettier Girl than *Valeria*: Besides, says he, it don't become you, to take up with the Leavings of *Almirus*; and so he called two or three Names, that I don't think safe for me to repeat. [Looks simply.]

Alm. smiling. Oh, Sir, you may repeat them very safely, I shall not be angry.

Skip. Why he call'd your Lordship, Rake, boarish Puppy, and said you had talked so saucily about the Matter, that you deserved to be kick'd. And had it not been out of Respect to the honourable Person he was with, I should certainly have given his Paper-skull a Wipe with my Oaken-Towel.

Alm. But what Answer did the Prince make?

Skip.

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Skip. Why, he said he did not credit what spightful People took the liberty to report concerning *Vanelia*, and that he would not shew any Coldness to her till she was brought to Bed; that he had a great Respect for her, and would make a handsome Settlement upon her, and so forth. But, however, he would see the Girl Lord *Supple* mention'd; for he did not suppose *Vanelia* had the Vanity to hope she should ingross him to herself only; but he would always esteem her for the sake of the Child.

Alm. Poor *Vanelia*! Is it come to that already? I must arm her with Caution, or she will be entirely lost. Are they still in the Walks?

Skip. Yes, my Lord.

Alm. Did the Prince say any Thing of me?

Skip. Not one Word.

Alm. Take this Letter, change your Clothes immediately, and carry it to *Vanelia's*. *Lucy* will come with you. Carry her to the Lodging I took Yesterday for that Purpose, and make haste back, you'll find me in the Walks. If you see Company with me, deliver no Message. [Exit *Skip*.

Prince. ALEXIS and SUPPLE appear at the End of the Walks, they meet ALMIRUS.

P. Alex. Good morrow, my Lord; what, a Man of your Gaiety alone? Some Affignation, I guess, we will not interrupt you.

Alm. Your Highness has not guess'd right. I expected my Wife, indeed, if you are pleased to call that an Affignation.

Sup. A very dull one truly. Ha! ha! ha!

Alm. You are very merry, my Lord; every body knows you rejoice at the Loss of your's, tho' she was much too good for you. But I hope it is no Crime

Crime to have a due regard for a deserving Wife, because *Modish* Lord *Supple*, thought fit to make an intolerable Husband.

Sup. Is this meant to affront me, my Lord ?

Alm. Not at all, my Lord ; I know you can take ten times as much, you are so very good humour'd. Ha ! ha ! ha !

A I R III.

Tune, Cold and raw the Wind did blow.

*If you in this Age would quickly rise high,
And purchase both Power and Treasure,
Be sure each Voice of the Great Ones ye ply,
And carefully pimp for their Pleasure.*

*For this to your Wish will exalt your Estate,
And shield you from ev'ry Disaster ;
As Spaniels you know grow sleek and fat.
By fawning on ev'ry Master.*

P. Alex. You sing admirably, my Lord ; but pray give us an Explanation of this fine Song.

Alm. Your Grace must excuse me there ; I am too fond of the Fashion, to say or do any thing that has a Meaning, or will bear an Explanation.

Sup. I wish you were as fond of good Manners ; but that I think is entirely banish'd out of your Country, as an Enemy to the publick Good.

Alm. Right, my Lord ; as Wit, Courage, and common Honesty, are out of your Family.

P. Alex. Fie, my Lord ; let me hear no more of this, I will have no quarrelling. But see what Brightness strikes from yonder Walk ; two Fair
Ones

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Ones mask'd. Let us attack them, they seem to be of Fashion.

*Enter SKIRRESSA and FLIRTILIA dress'd.
They meet.*

Sup. to them. It is exceeding cold to Day; I vow to Gad, Ladies, we shall be froze to Death, unless you have the Charity to unmask, and warm us with the Sun-beams of your bright Eyes.

Flirt. Come away my Dear: That Man has disorder'd his Understanding, if ever he had any, with reading Romances.

P. Alex. You have hit his Distemper, Madam; but I assure you he never does any harm in his Fits, so you may safely venture to honour us with your Conversation a little.

Skir. We are willing to chat with you, while we get to the End of the Walk, Sir; but methinks we have found you in odd Company, the one seems to be mad, and the other dumb.

Flirt. You mistake, Child; he only looks as if he had lost his Mistress.

Alm. I am certain then I need not be long without another, if I have an Inclination to accept of you.

[Goes to take hold of her.]

Flirt. Rude Monster! Pray, Sir, call off your Mastiff, or we must be gone.

P. Alex. By no means, Ladies; I'll engage he shall offend no more. I'll take you under my Protection.

Skir. What can you say to divert two Ladies?

P. Alex. I'll make love to you both by turns, if that will please you.

Flirt. No, you are engaged; besides I hate a divided Heart.

Skir. Who do you think would be fond of *Vanelia's* Leavings? Come, come, you are known, Sir?

Alm. So are you, Madam. Pray how does old Lord *Haughty* behave? And as to the other Lady, I must beg your Highness to be very cautious how you engage, lest you fall into a greater Crime than you can at present imagine. Ha! ha! ha!

A I R IV.

Tune, An old Woman clothed in Grey.

*In vain to escape us inclin'd,
Your Masks would our Fancies confound,
No Disguise can be had for the Mind,
Nor Vizard for Folly be found.*

*While each Bird from the Fowler thus flies,
The Cuckow's betray'd by his Song,
The Woodcock is found by his Eyes,
As Wantons are known by the Tongue.*

[*The Ladies run off.*]

P. Alex. How could you be so violent rude? Do you really know who they are?

Alm. I am surpriz'd your Highness did not know *Flirtilla*; the other is that insufferable canting Prude *Skirressa*, who, tho' she has been kept by Lord *Haughty* for several Years, still passes for a Maid, and talks of nothing but Virtue and Religion.

Sup. Gad, you are right, old Blunt; I believe it is my left-handed Mother-in-law. But methinks your Wife makes you wait a great while.

Enter

AMOURS of the GREAT.

II

Enter SKIP, he stands at a Distance.

A'm. Is your Lady coming, *Skip*?

Skip. No, my Lord; my old Lady came in, and prevented her; so she desires you would please to come Home.

Alm. I always obey her Commands with Pleasure. I wish your Highness a pleasant Walk. Adieu, Lord *Supple*. [*Exit Almirus and Skip.*]

Sup. This is an unaccountable Fellow; he can scarce behave tolerably to your Highness: And whatever you may think on't, his Love to *Vanelia* is the Cause.

P. Alex. If he loves her well enough, to be uneasy about her, I am fully satisfied that she is innocent; for had he ever obtained his Desires, he would have been glad that any Body had taken her off his Hands.

A I R V.

Tune, Man in Imagination.

*As Eagles stop from soaring,
The Quarry first devouring,
Then high in Circles born,
Quits the ignoble Prey:*

*So Man the Nymph enjoying,
Finds Love is quickly cloying,
And flies with Airs of Scorn,
To fresh Pursuits away.*

[*Exit Prince Alexis and Lord Supple.*]

S C E N E III. *A Drawing Room in
Vanelia's House.*

VANELIA, SKIRRESSA, FLIRTILLA, and Ladies, seated
as on a publick Visiting Day.

Skir. Indeed, Madam, I took your Ladyship's Part with great Warmth. I said I was certain you were married; tho' perhaps you might have some Reasons not to make it publicly known as yet.

Flirt. My Friend and I said a great deal in your Defence, but to very little purpose; the World is so malicious; they will always believe the worst.

Van. smiling. I am obliged to you both; but since the World are so well acquainted with my Affairs, 'tis needless to endeavour to deceive them. I don't pretend absolutely to excuse myself; yet I believe there are a far greater Number envy my Happiness, than are angry at my Crime.

Skir. I am sorry I have been so officious, and assure you I shall be more cautious for the future; but I really thought no body could possibly be fond of Infamy.

Van. Good Madam, don't force me to laugh.

Flirt. Truly I can see no great reason you have to be so merry.

Van. No, Madam. Sure you were not dull, when Aggis forsook your Mother's antiquated Charms, and rais'd you to the Height from which she fell. The World are to the full as free with your Character, as they can be with mine.

Skir. You deserve this Usage, for condescending to visit such a Woman.

Van. If for nothing else, she merits it for bringing such a Creature as you with her. Come, come, there

there is some Difference between Lord *Haughty's* mercenary Wench, and the Mistress of a Prince. I like to converse with Concubines of Rank ; but I hav a strange Antipathy to a mean Creature, who can condescend for Gain to be the Strumpet of a Scoundrel.

A I R IV.

Tune, Bonny Broom.

*Seduced by all-powerful Love,
If I from Virtue stray,
My Fate might gentle Pity move,
Since Passion led the way.*

*But less my Fault will surely seem,
Than if my Virtue sold,
For Wealth I'd truck'd my Virgin Fame,
And basely sinn'd for Gold.*

[Exit *Skirressa* and *Flirtilla* in a Passion ; the rest of the Ladies take their leave. *Vanelia* rings a Bell.

Enter LUCY.

Van. I was impatient to know what Lord *Almirus* wanted with you ; tell me without Ceremony.

Lucy. I fear it will grieve you, Madam ; yet it is absolutely necessary that you should know it.

Van. Prithee don't teize me with Apologies. A Wretch who has forsaken the fair Paths of Virtue, must learn to bear every thing. [Sighs.

Lucy. Lord *Almirus* changed me to assure you, that if you were, which Heaven forbid, forsaken by

by all the World beside, you still shall find in him a faithful Friend; express'd great Concern that you should be so wrongfully aspers'd on his Account. Then turning short upon me, with Eyes that sprakled at once with Love and Resentment: Your fair frail Mistress, says he, I fear will soon have Reason to repent the Preference, she gave to outside Show and Title; her Lover is at this time in pursuit of a new Mistress, Lord *Supple* is his Pimp. Tell her from me, she must learn to dissemble, and shew no Resentment to either; if she does, she's lost. Bid her take Care to appear always in good Humour before them, whatever she hears; and above all secure the Settlement. I don't desire to see her, added he, because I am sensible *Supple* has filled the Head of Prince *Alexis* with idle Tales. He seem'd in great Concern, and told me he had taken that Lodging on purpose for me to come to, that he might daily have an account of your Health, and send you proper Cautions. This, Madam, was the whole of our Discourse, except the Desire he express'd you should beware of Women, and found some fault with your receiving publick Visits.

Van. wiping her Eyes.] *Almirus* is too good, to take so much care of poor undone *Vanelia*. But 'tis to late to think: Yet prithee *Lucy*, meet him constantly; hear all he has to say; assure him I will punctually observe what he directs; tell him I grieve to think how little I deserve the Kindness he expresses. Tell him these gaudy Appearances are contrary to my Inclination; I only obey Command; and however gay I am forced to seem, Anguish and Shame lie heavy at my Heart. [Weeps.]

Lucy. Dear Madam wipe your Eyes; I hear the Prince just entering

Enter

Enter Prince ALEXIX and Lord SUPPLE.

She rises.

P. Alex. In Tears, my lovely Charmer! Say what's the Cause.

Van. Have I not Cause, when proud *Flirtilla*, and what's worse, that saucy Thing *Skirissa*, in my own House, has dared to laugh at me, nay tell me I am become the infamous Jest of the Town; and what's yet worse, boast that to their Knowledge, I have lost your Heart, the only dear Pledge I thought I had, the glorious Exchange for Fame, for Virtue, and the Love of tender Parents no more to be retrieved.

P. Alexis. And can you be so weak to mind the idle Tattle of those Wantons? Fye, I must chide you. [*Embracing her.*] Will you hazard your dear Health, and that of our lov'd Infant, for base Lies, told by Creatures whom you know I despise. Forbid them your House, and look down with Contempt upon those worthless Things. Be assured that I will find a Way to revenge your Quarrel, and never cease to love my dear *Vanella*.

Van. I easily believe whate'er you say; and Sorrow vanishes when you appear.

P. Alex. I come, my Love, to tell you that I am oblig'd to go ten Miles out of Town this Evening; and tho' I return To-morrow, Fondness for you would not suffer me to set out till I had taken leave.

Van. Your Highness is all Goodness: And tho' the Time's but short, 'twill seem an Age to me till you return.

Sup. Well, Lovers are a strange sort of People; I thank my Stars, I never was in Love in my Life, and I hope I never shall.

Van.

Van. No, my Lord? Could you marry^d so fine a Lady as your's really was, and not be in love? If so, I beg pardon. But I can't help thinking you had no Taste, or good Nature.

Sup. The Woman was well enough. She was fond of me; and faith I believe she died, because she thought it would oblige me. [Laughs.

P. Alex. I blush for you; how could you make such a brutal Speech? You might as well have told us that the Town were not in the wrong, when they said you had broke her Heart.

Sup. Your Highness forgets that the Company are waiting.

P. Alex. 'Tis true. Adieu, my dear *Vanelia*.

[Exit Prince and Supple.

Van. Ah, *Lucy*! I see too plainly, *Almirus* told you Truth, they are certainly a going to this Affignation. Did you remark the Impatience of that vile Pimp *Supple*? The Prince is good-natur'd, and loth to grieve a Wretch that has obliged him to her Ruin. But what Ills have I to expect in time from his conversing with that wicked Man?

Lucy. Don't afflict yourself, Madam, for Things that ne'er may happen. The Settlement will be finish'd next Week; and if the Prince should, like most Men in this Age, grow colder in Time, at least your Child and you will be secure.

Van. What can secure me from the Stings of Conscience? And when the fatal Day of Separation comes, how can I look upon my injur'd Child? Bastards have no Relations; the innocent must suffer with the Guilty, and bear the bitter Stings of sharp Reproach. I will indulge my Sorrow.

A I R VII.

Tune, Despairing beside a clear Stream.

*As the Bark, when it parts from the Shore,
Has scarce any Distance between,
Yet at last by the Billows 'tis bore,
Where, alas, no more Land's to be seen.*

*So from Virtue when once we remove,
We attempt to return, but in vain;
By the Current of Vice we are drove,
Till we founder at length in the Main.*

LUCY sola.

Poor Lady! I pity her at my Soul. O Virtue! Virtue! brightest Gift of Heaven! What Mortal e'er was happy yet that lost thee? Sparkling Jewels, splendid Equipage, serve only to set their unhappy Owners up to View, to be the Jest and Scorn of vulgar Rabble. When thou art gone,

Tho', while on Earth, she must Reproaches bear,
May Heaven forgive the Frailties of the Fair.

The End of the First Act.



A C T II.

S C E N E I. *A fine Hall in
Lord HAUGHTY's House.*

Enter ABRAHAM and PATTY.

Pat. **Y**OU are always so very busy, Mr. *Abraham*, you can scarce spare time to tell one a little News; and I am mighty fond of News.

Abr. You must consider, Mrs. *Martha*, that we who live with the Great, have always both our Hands and our Heads full: Why, whatever you may think on't, though I wear a Livery, I have always as much court paid to me as the General of an Army.

Pat. How so, Mr. *Abraham*?

Abr. Because I have a profound Respect for you, [*bowing.*] and hope to settle with you for Life, I'll make nothing a Secret to you: the more I get, you know, the better we shall live hereafter. This is absolutely the best Place in the World for Vails. People know I have my Lord's Ear, and can persuade him to what I please; so no-body comes empty-handed. You'd be amaz'd to see what fine Beaus stand bare-headed to me, and with a low Cringe, slip the gilded Pills into my Hand, with, Dear Mr. *Abraham*, remember my Business; ay, sometimes twenty or thirty in a Morning on Levee-Days.

Pat.

Pat. But sure, Sir, it is not in your Power to serve them all, nor your Lord's neither, I should think

Abr. Pho! What signifies that? I never fail to procure them a Smile, or a gracious Grin, and the Fools go away well satisfied, and live upon Hope whole Years together; till at last the Taylor brings in a Bill an Ell long for the fine Appearance they have been forced to make, and finding no Money, whips them into a Goal at once; so kindly rids us of such troublesome Company.

Pat. But, in my mind, this way of going on is not very honest: sure, if your Lord knew it, he would turn you away.

Abr. You are a little Simpleton, and know nothing of the World. Why, he and I laugh for an Hour together when such a lucky Incident happens. But I'll let you into a deeper Secret, my pretty Rogue; he goes snacks with me in all these Matters, or I should have had a good Estate by this time. [*Some body knocks, Abraham opens the Door, and answers a Gentleman.*]

Pat. Who was that?

Abr. A Poet, who brought my Lord a Panegyrick upon himself t'other Morning, for which, with much ado, I got five Pieces for him.

Pat. That was but a sneaking Reward from so great a Man.

Abr. Why, he is quite tired of such kind of Things: he knows if they write in his Praise forever, no-body will be persuaded to think well of him: Poets and Authors have cost him many Thousands.

Pat. By your Favout, Mr. Abraham, you mean they have cost the People many Thousands. But pray, how much did your Conscience let you take out of those five Pieces?

Abr. Faith, I took but two, my dear witty Girl; Gad, I am so fond of Wit and Satire, tho' it lashes myself. You must know the Man is poor, and has a Family of Children, or else I would have had more; for I begin to grow covetous as well as my Lord: he has retrench'd the Expences of his Family very much lately.

Patty. 'Tis but reasonable he should, since he grudges the Publick Salt to their Pottage. Don't you think you'll pay for both your Tricks one time or other? If I was in your Place, I should be afraid of my Life.

Abr. We are in no Danger, my Jewel. Ha! ha! ha!

A I R VIII.

Tune, Of noble Race was Shinkin.

'Tis poor Rogues only hang, Love,
Who live by paultry jobbing;
Them oft you'll see swing on a Tree,
To keep the rest from robbing.

But if a Statesman should, Love,
For Gold his Country barter;
'Tis Odds but he'll rewarded be
With a Title, St—r and G—r.

Pat. Tho' Justice long may wait, Sir,
Yet tho' it's slow, 'tis sure:
I grant, a Knave by Arts may stave;
Such Shifts won't long endure.

Abr

*Abr. But if all who deserve it,
Were sure to meet the Gallows ;
'Twould quickly thin the 'Change, the Ring,
The P——t, Bar, and P——ce.*

Pat. All that you have said, Mr. Abraham, is but too true ; but now let us think of the Business I came about. How long do you believe it will be before your Lord comes home ; for my Lady will be very impatient for an Answer ?

Abr. Why, Child, has she drawn a Bill upon him ? I am sure she can have no other Reason to be impatient ; You and I know better, than to think that a fine young Lady is in love with Age and Impotence.

Pat. You may be as free with your Lord's Character as you please, Sir ; but I would have you to know that my Mistress is a virtuous Woman, or else I can assure you I would not live with her for all the World.

Abr. Don't be angry without Reason, dear Mrs. Martha ; I dare answer she may be a Virgin for him ; alas ! I am sensible it is not in his Power to make her otherwise ; but he does not care how dearly he pays for the Satisfaction of being thought a notorious Whore-master. Why, he maintains five or six several Women at this very time, at an extravagant Rate, for no other Reason but to be talk'd of.

A I R IX.

Tune, Winchester-Wedding.

*My Master's thus fond of a Whore,
To shew he's politely bred;
And that at the Eve of Threescore,
He has still a Colt's-Tooth in his Head.*

*In Love and in Politicks too,
However his Enemies rail,
While Money can ev'ry thing do,
'Tis certain he still will prevail.*

Pat. You are very merry, *Mr. Abraham*; but I believe you had best give over, unless you have a mind to entertain your Lord with some of your Wit; for I see him entering, and my old Master with him: I must hide somewhere till you get an Opportunity to bring me an Answer.

Abr. opens a Closet. Get in here quickly.

[He locks the Door.]

Enter Lord HAUGHTY and SCHIRRUS.

Haughty. Run, *Abraham*, and fetch me all the Letters you have received to-day; I am going out of Town for the Air, and will read them to divert me in the Way. Has any body of Note been here?

Abr. Only Lord *Supple*, and two or three Lawyers with him.

Haughty. What did the Puppy want?

Abr. I don't know, an't please your Honour; but he left a strange Message.

Haughty. What was it?

Abr

Abr. If your Lordship will please to step into the Parlour ; he desired it might be deliver'd before no-body. [*They go out.*]

SCHIRRUS *solus.*

Guilt is always attended with Fear. Now my Mind misgives me, that there is some Mischief, a brewing for my unhappy Child. 'Tis a melancholly thing to live in a State of Dependance. What a Fool was I to sacrifice her to his Pleasure till he made a certain Settlement for Life ? But 'tis too late to look back, I dare not name it now. How soon, alas ! may all our Grandeur vanish ? it hangs but by a Thread, an Old Man's Life, if no other Accident should intervene.

[*He sighs.*]

Re-enter Lord HAUGHTY.

Lord Haughty. You look dull, my Friend ; come, I'll take you with me ; we shall be back by Ten o'Clock ; at which time I design to sup with your beauteous Daughter. How this Fellow stays !

[*He calls.*]

Enter ABRAHAM, and gives him the Pacquet.

Pray Sir, let me find you in Waiting ; none of your Amours, I beseech you. Would you believe it, this Rogue has half a dozen Doxies, and affects to be thought as great a Rake as any Man of Fashion in Town ; one of the House Maids is gone away with Child by him. [*Laughs.*]

Abr. I am glad I can by any Means contribute to your Lordship's Mirth.

Haughty. Thou art an obliging witty Rascal.

[*Exit Haughty and Schirrus. Abraham lets Lucq out of the Closet.*]

Abr.

Abr. I am glad they are gone, my Dear; for now we may enjoy ourselves.

Lucy. I think you had better send for the young Woman that is with Child by you. I can have Lovers enough, without invading another's Property, I assure you, Sir.

Abr. Why, I can't think you can be so ignorant to believe what he said; he has got such a Knack of Lying, mun, that, on my Conscience, I don't think he speaks six Words of Truth in a whole Year. If you doubt what I say, I'll call all the Servants in the House to vouch for me: Pr'y-thee be in a good Humor.

Lucy. I am positively determin'd whether I will believe you or no: however, I can't stay any longer now: What Answer have you for my Lady?

Abr. This Letter; but I won't give it you under three Kisses, and a Promise that you'll be Friends with me at Night when I come with my Lord to your House,

Lucy. Pish! I think you are mad; how you rumple one's Cloaths. [Snatches the Letter and runs out.]

Abr. I shall not part with you so.

SCENE II. A Garden.

Lord SUPPLE and FLIRTILLA walking.

Sup. I deserve better Usage from your Ladyship.

Flirt. You deserve to be stabb'd to the Heart.

Sup. What have I either said or done to put you in this Passion; pray let me know the Reason?

Flirt.

Flirt. Ungrateful jealous Fool; that could suffer *Vanelia* to engross *Alexis* to herself, when it was in your power to have rais'd me to the Height of all my Wishes.

Sup. Sure you would not have me believe you speak your real Sentiments? You know to what a Rage of Passion I long have lov'd you; neglected every thing to convince you I was the perfect Creature of your Will. How often have you vow'd eternal Constancy? What Hazards have you not run to make me happy? And can you, false One, wish to be another's, or think I would resign you willingly? [*Sighs.*] Pr'ythee smile, and tell me it was a little female Artifice to try my Love.

Flirt. I tell you I'm in earnest; and if you do not quickly persuade *Alexis* to leave that Thing, *Vanelia*, and find some way to make his Heart my Prize, I'll never see you more. Nay, don't pause, but instantly set about it; 'tis in vain to tell me idle Tales of your Passion: I once thought fit to favour you. Be thankful for what's past. I am tired of your nauseous Love; and, if you desire I should, for the future, esteem you as a Friend, prepare to obey me. [*He looks amaz'd.—She sings.*

A I R X.

Tune, When young fit to toy.

When first I began
To think of a Man,
With Love it was fit I should burn:
But now I've more Wit,
It is surely as fit,
Ambition should next have it's turn:

Sup. Art thou *Flirtilla*! Or, has some envious Fiend assumed the Form, on purpose to deceive me?

Flirt. Are you Lord *Supple*, who meanly condescends to be your Master's Pimp? Is it not your daily Business to hunt new Prey? With what unweary'd Pains do you endeavour to teach the noble Youth the Paths of Sin? In how amiable a Light do you paint every Vice? How artfully cast a Veil o'er its Deformity? If all this be no Crime in you, pray where can be the Wonder that I should wish to please the only Man that can deserve my Love? And why should you refuse to serve me in it?

Sup. Thou art too wicked to deserve an Answer, thou Prodigy of Impudence: I am strongly tempted to proclaim thy Shame to all the World.

Flirt. Do, and try if you can gain Belief: fly with the Tale to your Master; that would be kind.

Sup. Yes, I shall arm him against all your Wiles: he hates a shameless Wanton, I assure you.

[*Going.*]

Flirt. Nay, you shall stay, and hear all I have to say.

[*Stopping him.*]

Sup. Indeed, I will not, Madam; nor from this Moment ever speak to you more.

[*Throws her from him—Exit.*]

Flirt. I'll go instantly to *Skiressa*, and study a proper Revenge. Ha! the Servant of *Almirus* and *Lucy* together. I'll conceal myself, and hear their Discourse; it may be of Use to my Design.

[*She steps aside.*]

Enter SKIP and LUCY.

Skip. 'Tis a fine Day, Mrs. *Lucy*.

Lucy

Lucy. But this Place, with Submission to your Lord's better Judgment, is too publick, in my Opinion; and, should we be seen together, the Consequence may be fatal to my poor Lady: You know she has many Enemies, who would be glad to misrepresent the most innocent Action.

Skip. Why, I find it just the same amongst the great Folks, as it is with us in the Country; they hate every Body that is handsomer, or has better luck than themselves. I'll tell you a Story that happen'd within my own Knowledge; it will serve to divert you till my Lord comes.

Lucy. Pray do, Mr. *Skip*, for I am very uneasy.

Skip. A Farmer, who lived just by the Place where I was born, had an only Daughter; she was the sweetest Creature I ever saw: All the young Men in the Town were in love with her. She might have married rarely well, but she was so proud of her Beauty, that she thought no body good enough for her. All the Lasses envied her, and rais'd fifty Lies to disgrace her; but at last, our 'Squire, with fine Promises and fine Presents, deluded her, which broke her poor Father's Heart; but she did not mind that much: he maintain'd her in Silks and Sattins, which made the rest of the Wenches stark mad. Just as *Flirtilla* and the rest of the Ladies are at your Mistress, because they can't get her Place. But, to come back to my Story, in a short Time our Lass was forced to be sent to Town to hide a great Belly; and yet, after all this, I heard t'other Day, that, his Father being lately dead, the 'Squire has married her, and carried her down again in great Pomp. Come, Girl, smile; how do you know but your Mistress may have as good Fortune? I'll sing you a Song that was made upon this young Woman by our Shepherd: In my mind, it excels all your fine Opera Ha, ha's.

A I R XI. A BALLAD.

Tune, Wherever I am, and whatever I do,

*The Sun was now setting, the Evening was red,
The Sheep were just pent in their Fold;
When Colin, who on the Grass by them was laid,
His amorous Sorrow thus told.
My Heart is still glowing with ardent Desire;
And while my fond Wishes fan up the soft Fire,
Yet Phillis, alas! is still cold.*

*How happy was I e're I Phillis beheld,
My Mind by no Passion distrest;
When, blithe as my Lambkins, I went to the Field,
And, as easy as they, took my Rest:
But now all the Day I no Quiet can take,
And, like prolling Wolves, all the Night lie awake;
Her Scorn so disturbs my sad Breast.*

*Yet Phillis, for whom I thus die with Despair,
Of my Thought and my Song still the Theme,
Hath so lovely a Face, and so killing an Air;
That less I can't wish, ev'n my Flame:
Her Breasts like the Down on yon Swan doth appear;
Her Eyes like the River he swims in are clear:
But her Bosom is cold like the Stream.*

Each

*Each Art have I try'd to move the coy Maid,
 To pity a Swain who thus burns;
 But alas, all my Art can persuade,
 For Coldness alone she returns:
 While if to my Pipe I suit my sad Strain,
 And seek by soft Numbers to sooth the fierce Pain;
 The Bard and his Musick she scorns.
 Adieu, ye sweet Lawns, where I often did use,
 At Spring with my Lambkins to go;
 Adieu the fresh Hills, from whose Tops I oft chose
 To view my Flock feeding below:
 My Bosom no longer can bear the sad Smart,
 Her Usage so cruel hath broke my fond Heart;
 Come Death then, and ease all my Woe.*

Skip. Well, how do you like the Song, Mrs. Lucy?

Lucy. It is very pretty, and has a great deal of Nature in it; my Lady would be mightily pleas'd with it; I must beg a Copy, Mr. Skip. But hush, I see your Lord a-coming. [*Skip draws back*]

Enter ALMIRUS.

Alm. I am sorry I have made you wait you so long, Mrs. Lucy, I hope your Lady is well.

Lucy. Yes, my Orders are to bring your Lordship's Answer to this.

[*Gives him a Letter. He reads.*]

Alm. I need not tell you with how much Joy I would obey the Commands your Lady honours me with, and meet her this Evening; but the Ap-
 pre-

prehenſions I am under, that it might ruin her with Prince *Alexis*, forces me to beg for own ſake ſhe would excuſe it.

Lucy. She bid me tell your Lordſhip, that there could be no Danger, becauſe the Prince is out of Town; and ſhe can in a Diſguiſe get to the Place without being obſerv'd by any Body. She would not have attempted to ran ſuch a hazard; but the Buſineſs ſhe has to communicate to you is of the utmoſt Conſequence, and requires Haſte.

Alm. Since ſhe will have it ſo, I'll wait on her at the Hour ſhe mentions; but think my coming publickly to her own Houſe, will give far leſs Room for Scandal. I would have her make no ſecret of it to *Alexis*; but tell him ſhe ſent for me on the account of ſome falſe Reports, which gave Umbrage. What think you, *Lucy*, am I right or no?

Lucy. Indeed I am of your Lordſhip's Opinion, and don't doubt but my Lady will approve on't.

Alm. I am going directly home, where I'll wait till the Time. If ſhe pleaſes to give any other Orders, ſend to me. [*Exit Almirus, Lucy and Skip.*]

FLIRTILLA comes forward.

This will be noble Miſchief. Indeed, good Folks, I ſhall ſend you more Company than you'll deſire: Poor Lady ſhe's in great Haſte; but methinks her Lover is not altogether ſo eager: Perhaps ſhe longs, Ha! ha! ha! *Alexis* has a fine time on't, and I'll take Care to let him know the whole Contrivance; it will give me an Opportunity to gain my point, in ſpight of my *quondam* Lover.

Exit Flirtilla.

Re-enter

Re-enter SKIP; ABRAHAM meets him.

Skip. Your humble Servant, good Sir, I'm glad to see you; shall we take a Pint?

Abr. Really, Mr. *Skip*, I have not time just now; but if you'll call at our House in an Hour or two, I'll give you a Bottle of such Wine as perhaps you never drank: Few Noblemen afford it themselves; and those that do, lock it up so carefully, that a Servant cannot e'er get a Taste.

Skip. It is so great a Rarity, it's a Wonder you can come at it.

Abr. Oh, it's as plenty as Water with us. I warrant you think we live like other Folks; but you are much mistaken. We spend more Money in good House-keeping in one Week, than would maintain another Family a whole Year. Why, we have Cabbages at our Under-Table when they are a Crown apiece, and Peas at a Guinea a Peck: When will your Lord be so generous?

Skip. Never, I hope: For, if he should, I am sure he must not come honestly by it, nor ever pay his Tradesmen; and yet by the by, my dear Friend, he has a better Estate than your Lord.

Abr. No matter for that, my Lord does, and always will live so.

Skip. You may be mistaken.

A I R XII.

Tune, Thro' all the Employments of Life.

In Play and in Politicks too,

Tho' Blockheads may sometimes succeed;

Yet long without Skill it won't do,

As the cunning ones all are agreed.

Tho'

VANELIA: Or, The

*Tho' Fortune may aida dull Wight
It but makes him more eager to play,
Till of what his Luck gave him last Night;
The Booby is bubbled next Day.*

*Then, you Numsculls at Play and in Power,
E'en pack up your Alls, and be gone,
Should that mutable Goddeſs but lour,
By Jove, you will all be undone.*

*Her Wheel ſhe turns round in a trice,
And the Wiſdom you want, it to ſtay;
In time then be rul'd by Advice,
And fairly get out of her way.*

Skip. Now you muſt know, Mr. Abraham, tho' I am but a poor Country-Fellow, yet I can ſee as far into a Mill-ſtone as any of my Neighbours. But, Faith, I am ſo pleaſed with your Company, that I had almoſt forgot my Errand; I hope you take nothing amiſs. What are the Affairs of Maſters and Miſtreſſes to us? Only they ſerve to make us merry ſometimes. Let them do what they will, 'tis our Duty to make the moſt for ourſelves.

Abr. You are much in the right, Mr. Skip: Troth, I could not have believed you had been ſo pleaſant a Fellow. Pray don't fail of coming anon. I am juſt going to order ſome ſecret Affairs; for my Lord is to paſs the Evening with a fine young Lady, ſo we ſhall have the Houſe to our ſelves. Farewel till then.

Skip. Farewel, good Sir.

[Exit Abraham and Skip.]

SCENE

SCENE III. *An Apartment in Vanelia's House.*

VANELIA and LUCY.

Lucy. Dear Madam be cheerful; you vex your self before you know that you have Reason.

Van. You vainly strive to sooth my Pain. I know he is in Town, notwithstanding the formal Leave he took, and doubt not but my ill Fortune will bring him here the Moment *Almirus* is enter'd. Those Cockatrices *Flirtilla* and *Skirressa*, I dare say, keep a constant Watch at my Door.

Lucy. And what need your Ladyship care? You never do nor say any thing that you have occasion to fear should be heard. I wish the Prince would come, it would give you an Opportunity to confute all the vile Scandals that have been raised. I am sure Lord *Almirus* will gratify you before all the World.

Van. Perhaps that might offend *Alexis* more. He grows cold enough already, or else I fancy so.

Lucy. If you will endeavour to be easy, Madam, I'll be answerable that all things will succeed beyond your Wish. Ill Luck comes with a Fear. What will your Ladyship say, if I put it in your Power before this Night is over, to be revenged of *Skirressa*.

Van. 'Tis impossible! She's too cunning to give any Body such an Opportunity.

Lucy. I shall be strangely disappointed, if I don't out-wit her for once. My Intelligence never fail'd me yet.

Van. Poor *Lucy*, thou art kind, and fain would'st give me Comfort. I wish *Almirus* were safely come

F

and

and gone. In the mean while I'll go to my Closet, and try to divert my Melancholly by reading.

Lucy. Let me beg your Ladyship to hear me sing one Song first. Disconsolate Looks, Truth and Fondness, are never the way to gain or keep, a Lover. Pray, Madam, endeavour to get into the Mode of the Times. Consider your own Charms, grow haughty, and use all Men as they deserve, I mean worse than Dogs, and they'll soon be humble and obedient. My Song gives excellent Advice.

A I R XIII.

Tune, I am so sick of Love, I cannot hide it.

*A tender constant Heart
Ne'er swells a modern Breast;
Love now is grown an Art,
And Vows are made in jest.*

*If with assiduous Care
You'd have th' Inconstant woe,
Put on a roving Air,
And seem inconstant too.*

The E N D of the Second Act.

ACT



ACT III.

SCENE I. *An Apartment of Skiressa's.*

Enter FRIRTILLA and SKIRRESSA.

Flirt. MY Heart flutters like a Bird: I long for Mrs. *Martha's* Return. You are sure that she is not known to any of his Attendants.

Skir. There is no room for Fear; the Girl seldom stirs out of Doors, and I never suffer her to see any Company.

Flirt. Then I don't doubt her performing her Part. She has Wit and Spirit, more than is generally to be found in the Vulgar. The great Debate is, how *Alexis* will take the News, especially when he considers it as coming from a strange Hand.

Skir. Oh, the Style will raise a Curiosity to see the fair Unknown, who has taken so much Pains to undeceive him.

Flirt. But what will he say when I appear?

Skir. Your Beauty and Address will quickly charm him.

Flirt. What Hope can I have; he has never yet taken any particular Notice of me, more than of other Ladies.

Skir. The Letter will, tho' distantly, convince him that Love alone was the Motive induc'd you to make the Discovery; then, in the critical Minute, when his Soul is fir'd with resentment against *Vanelia*, if you appear with the enchanting Sweetness in your Eyes, which my but naming him has placed there now, you may be sure of Conquest.

Flirt. You inspire me with Courage. But will you not be so good to go with me; I shall not be able to stand the Shock alone.

Skir. It happens very unluckily. I have just received my Father's Commands to stay at home, because some particular Friends of his sup here to-night. But in my Opinion, *Patty* will do full as well: Lovers are best alone, and she will withdraw of course.

Flirt. By no means; I would not have her leave me. My Design is yet deeper: If I can once teach him the way to love, I'll soon gain every other Point; and then, my Friend, you shall be next my self in Happiness and Grandeur.

Skir. You speak with as much Warmth, as if you really were in Love with his Person.

Flirt. No, but I am so with his Power. All Mankind put together are not worth one thought, but as they may conduce either to our Pleasure or Interest. Come, my Dear, let us talk freely; were you ever in Love?

Skir. Love is a Thing I have not the least Idea of; I think it makes People look like Fools. But, my Dear, how can we imagine that the Men are capable of entertaining a Passion which appears to us in so ridiculous a Light?

Flirt. There is in reality no such thing as Love. It is only a Phantome which most People conjure up once in their Lives to make themselves uneasy: 'Tis often talk'd of, but never found.

AIR XIV.

Tune, Tweed-Side.

*The Passion of Love is a Name,
A Thing where no Substance is found,
A Fiction what's said of its Fame,
Its Pain and its Torments mere Sound.*

*Like a Fever, it seizes by Fits,
Till we yield to a raging Desire;
As that wand'ring Fire Will-o'-Wisp
Bewitches Folk into the Mire.*

Skir. Your Song is very pretty. But don't you think this Wench stays a great While; I begin to be impatient.

Flirt. Here she comes.

Enter PATTY.

You look confused.

Pat. No, Madam; only a little out of Breath with walking; but I waited a great While there.

Flirt. And who did you see? Is the Prince in Town? Have you any Answer?

Pat. Yes, Madam, the Prince is in Town; and all the Answer I have, is, His Service, and the Directions in your Letter shall be punctually obey'd.

Skir. Did you see him?

Pat. No, Madam.

Flirt. Who brought you the Answer?

Pat. A fine Gentleman in lac'd Cloaths.

Flirt.

Flirt. What sort of a Man was he?

Pat. A very handsome black Gentleman. He was very complaisant to me.

Flirt. Was it the same to whom you deliver'd the Letter?

Pat. No, I gave the Letter to a Footman, who said he was in waiting?

Flirt. Did he ask you any Questions?

Pat. No, but he smiled, and said, he guess'd who it came from.

Flirt. I'm afraid it was that Fool *Supple*, and then we are undone.

Skir. That's impossible; you know he's in Mourning, and not a black Man. Come, let us step in, and consult a little; it will quickly be time for you to go. *Patty*, make haste and dress yourself, you must wait on the Lady.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

PATTY *sola.*

Now have I a strange Notion, that some Mischief will come of this Letter I have carried. The Gentleman, whoever he was, look'd devilish sly, and nam'd *Flirtilla*, tho' I did not think fit to tell her so. It happens very ill for me, that I must go a gilbery-hunting with this Woman: For, in the first Place, old *Haughty* will be here, and I shall lose half a Guinea at least for Hush-Money; then what's worse, it makes me disappoint Mr. *Abraham*; and these are not Times to run the Hazard of losing both Money and a Sweet-heart. But I forget, I shall have an Opportunity to see and be seen by Prince *Alexis*; and who knows but he may take a greater liking to me than to *Flirtilla*, and then I am made for ever. Well, Nothing venture, Nothing have,
the

AMOURS of the GREAT. 39

the old Proverb says. I am, without Vanity, handsomer than she, and full as young: If my Clothes are not so fine, I put them on with better Air. Beside, I am a Maid, and she has past through twenty Hands already, or else the Town lies.

AIR XV.

Tune, Bonny Dundee.

*My Hair will I powder, and dress up my Head,
Each Lock shall be laid for an amorous Train,
And tho' but a Country-Girl I was bred,
Who knows what a Conquest e'er Night I may gain?*

*With intrinsical Merit my Charms shall appear,
Perhaps they the Heart of his Highness may wound;
'Tis Gold makes the Guinea with Porter and Peer,
And Beauty is Beauty wherever 'tis found.*

[Exit Patty.]

SCENE changes to another Room.

Enter SCHIRRUS solus.

What can this Girl be doing? She will not get rid of her Company before Lord *Haughty* comes. I dare not say any thing to her, lest she should upbraid me as the Author of her Ruin; and yet I fear her Behaviour will quickly lose him. Would I had died, rather than have sacrific'd my Child to that old filthy Letcher for cursed Gold. But 'tis too late to think, thinking will make me mad.

Enter

Enter SKIRRESSA.

Skir. Did you send for me, Sir?

Schir. Yes, Child; Lord *Haughty* will be here by ten a clock: You know he hates to see you dress'd, pry'thee put on a Night-Gown.

Skir. I wish he was in his last Night-Gown: It would be a joyful Day to Thousands, and to me in particular.

Schir. It is ungrateful, to hate your Benefactor. Do we not owe all we possess to him? And should you be so indiscreet to let him see your foolish Airs of Indifference, could we subsist a single Year without his Help? Dear *Sker-ry*, be obliging.

Skir. I'll do the best I can to make you easy, Sir. Heaven knows with how much Pains I endure the nauseous Caresses of the stinking Dottard.

Schir. That's my good Child. Where's your Maid?

Skir. Gone out, Sir; she ask'd me leave for the Evening. But I'll undress myself. [*Exit Skiressa*]

SCHIRRUS solus.

How cutting is my Anguish, to see my Child reduced by me, contrary to her own Inclination, to this sad State! I ne'er have known one Hour of Ease, since *Haughty* basely brib'd me to consent. How many does he daily tempt, by different Ways, to Damnation. Oh Conscience! Conscience! how dost thou torment me! Thou interposest every where; in Bed, in Company; nay, even at Church thou tell'st me, I am not fit to be admitted there.

A I R

AIR XVI,

Tune, Grim King of the Ghosts make haste;

*The Wretch in a Fever who fries,
Oft turning, seeks Ease, but in vain ;
Since how coolly soever he lies,
Within still he harbours his Pain.*

*So while, to relieve my sad Mind,
Each Art and Amusement I try ;
No Comfort, alas, can I find,
Unless from my self I could fly.*

[Exit Schirrus

SCENE *an Anti-Chamber in the Court of
Prince Alexis.*

FLIRTILLA *mask'd, and PATTY, conducted in by
a Gentleman.*

Flirt. I am pleas'd to find the Room darken'd,
as I desired ; it has an Air of Success ; and yet
I tremble,

Pat. That is held by the common People to be
a lucky Omen, Madam.

Enter Prince ALEXIS.

Alex. Are you, Madam, the Person who sent me
this Letter ? There are some extraordinary Things
in it, that I beleve none but yourself can unriddle.

Flirt. The Manner in which you are pleas'd to receive me, Sir, fully convinces me that I have been guilty of an Error. I perceive you are too much blinded by Love, to see any Faults, tho' they appear scandalously visible to all the World beside. Beside, I put it into your Power this very Night to have proved the Truth of my Assertions; but since I find you like to be deceiv'd, I ask Pardon for meddling with the Affair, and beg Leave to withdraw.

Alex. Not till I see to whom I am so much obliged. *[Takes hold of her Mask.*

Flirt. No, Sir, you shall never see my Face.

Alex. Indeed, Madam, but I will before you leave this Room. You have been very free with a Lady's Reputation, and she shall see to whom she owes the Favour. *- [Rings a Bell.*

Enter VANELIA, led by Lord ALMIRUS. FLIRTILLA starts, and drops her Mask.

Van. I told your Highness, I was positive it could be no body else. My Friend seems indisposed; a Glass of Water would be necessary. Ha? ha! ha! *[They all laugh.*

Alm. But dear, good Madam, what have I done to offend you, that you must make me a Party in this fine Scheme?

Alex. Oh, certainly she has sometime or other sent you one of her loving Epistles, and you have neglected the favourable Opportunity.

Van. Don't say any more, she seems in great Confusion; I cant bear to see her insulted any longer. This will deter her from such Attempts for the future, I dare say.

Alex. You are too good; she aim'd at your Ruin. But be assured, her vile Contrivance has, if possible, made

made you dearer to me than ever; nor will I from this Moment look on any of your Sex with more than common Ceremony.

Flirt. Pray permit me to withhdraw. I assure you, Sir, I don't envy your Happiness. But I think it derogates from your Greatness, to make such a Promise to such a worthless Woman.

Alex. You came hither for your own Pleasure, Madam, and you shall stay for mine. Come I'll take Pains to divert you. [*Sings.*

A I R XVII.

Tune, See! see! my Seraphina comes.

*What tho' I own a constant Flame,
For beauteous Rodalind,
'Tis that I view in her soft Frame
All you in others find.*

*For Gems to Eastern Coasts we fly,
For Gold we westward roam;
But sure none would those Dangers try,
Whose Indies lay at Home.*

Alm. Let me have the Honour to conduct you out, Madam; and take Care that this Story be not told for your own Sake.

[*Leads her out; Patty follows.*

Re-enter ALMIRUS.

Alex. This Woman has an uncommon Stock of Impudence; she is more scandalous than her Mother ever was.

Van. But you forget that I have my other Friend *Skirressa*, to consider in less than two Hours.

Alm. That will be a fine Scene. If your Highness pleases, we will in a Disguise wait the Event at a little Distance.

Alex. With all my Heart. Let us go and prepare. Come, my *Vanelia*. [Exeunt Omnes.]

SCENE changes to Lord Haughty's.

Lord HAUGHTY sitting in an Arm-Chair; a Table before him, with a Bottle and Glass.

This Viper-Wine is not so good as usual, or my Constitution grows weaker. I have promised to sup with *Skirressa*: She's a pretty Baggage, and talks so devoutly, that the World takes her for a Saint; I love a clever Hypocrite at my Heart. But, as the Devil would have it, here's a Collation provided for me at Home. *Dolly* is come to Town on purpose to cuckold the Parson, and has sent me word she will lye here to-night; I must disappoint neither of them. Well, it is a troublesome thing to be so much belov'd. [He rings.]

Enter ABRAHAM.

My Watch is down, see what's a-clock.

Abr. An't please your Honour, it's near Nine.

Haughty. I go to *Skirressa*'s at Ten; but, do you watch the Door; because I expect a Lady, whom you must conduct into my Closet: Wait on her with whatever she wants, and be sure let no body see her, do you hear?

Abr. Yes, Sir; but what I must do with Mrs. Betty, What-d'ye-call-her? I can't think of her Name; she has been here swearing like an Empress, and

and left Word she would come again, if it was at Twelve o'Clock at Night.

Haughty. She is an impudent Wench; but did she leave no other Message? Ha!

Abr. Yes, my Lord; she said, a Gentlewoman lay-in by you at her House, and that you did not send as much Money as you ought, but she would make you: she swore, you should not turn stingy upon her Hand. Faith, she was very abusive; I don't care to tell your Honour all.

Haughty. Oh! I love to hear it. Why, thou dost not think I mind such Insects? No, it diverts me; speak it out.

Abr. She said she had been first your Whore, and then your Bawd, for five and twenty Years; and, to her Knowledge, you were a Rogue ever since she was acquainted with you: and tho' you cheated, bubbled, and tricked all the World beside, and lived upon the Spoils of the Publick, she would make you honest to her, or she would blow you up wherever you went. What must I say to her when she comes, my Lord? for I dread it.

Haughty laughs. Why, you must give her this Purse, and tell her, I'll call to-morrow: you'll see she'll turn quiet immediately. Who else has been here?

Abr. The second Son of Mr. Sagathy the Woollen-Draper; and he too was very pert: he said, his Father had helped you out of many a Scrape; and he did not know what you meant by neglecting him in this time of Trouble: it was your own Affair, not his; he never was guilty of a dirty Trick in his Life, but what you drew him into: and, if you did not take care, and stifle the Matter, all must, and should come out.

Haughty. The Fellow's a Fool to threaten me: I find I must be obliged to let his Father suffer.
'Tis

'Tis dangerous to offend a Man in Power. Why, he does not consider that my single Word is Law; and that I will sacrifice a thousand innocent Fools, rather than be expos'd myself: Am I not right, *Abraham*? Thou art a Fellow of Sense, and I love, and would trust thee, rather than any Nobleman in *Europe*.

Abr. I shall endeavour to serve Your Lordship faithfully.

Haughty. These idle People always put me in good Humour; I laugh at their impotent Endeavours. [Sings.

A I R XVIII.

Tune, Abbot of Canterbury.

*How vain is the Notion, how idle the Thought,
That to Gratitude we should for Service be wrought;
T' expect we should save, because we intrust,
Or hope that the Great should descend to be just?*
Derry down.

*If angry from this, I'll laugh at their Spleen;
And if I've deceiv'd, I'll deceive them again:
For the Vulgar, like Curs, still vent all their Spite;
And full often they bark, tho' full seldom they bite.*
Derry down.

Abr. It rejoices my Heart to see Your Honour so merry; but, with humble Submission, I don't think it will be altogether safe to give up Mr. *Sagathy*.

Haughty. Why so? I am generally pleas'd with thy Reasons. Pr'ythee let's hear them.

Abr.

Abr. In the first Place, my Lord, you are sensible you have been forced to trust him in many important Affairs; so that if he should be press'd too hard, 'tis to be fear'd he'll squeak, in Hopes to save himself.

Haughty. What if he does? Do you think I am at a loss for Witnesses who shall swear him a Liar? No, no; I have fifty ready upon any Occasion.

Abr. I am not so ignorant of that, my Lord; I know too they never fail to gain their Point: But the World is so strangely wicked at present, that the Mob without Doors, I mean both the little and great Vulgar, have always the Assurance to believe the Prisoner against all they swear, and lay the Blame on your Honour, as the Author of every Mischief: Now I think it a very improper time to give them an Opportunity to make a bawling, especially on this Account; because 'tis notoriously known, that there has been great Familiarity betwixt you and Mr. Sagathy for many Years.

Haughty. What must be done then? You see plainly he presumes too much, by what his Son said.

Abr. There is but one Way unless Death would be so obliging to take Possession of him.

Haughty. I wish it would; but what is the Way you propose?

Abr. It will be very chargeable to your Lordship.

Haughty. Oh! you mean I must make black white, by Dint of Money. You are right, it shall be done. To-morrow Morning, be sure to put me in mind on't, there's no time to be lost. But are these all the civil People you have had?

Abr. No, my Lord, Mr. Dreadnought the Informer brought in his Bill; I think it comes to
Twenty

Twenty odd Pounds; he begs your Honour would please to confider, that Business must stand still, if he wants Money.

Haughty. Very true; mark down that too for to-morrow: Who else?

Abr. Mr. *Scrapwell*, and Mr. *Wheedle*, they brought your Lordship these Papers of Intelligence, and desired you would please to leave Word when they might wait on your Honour. Really, they are very civil Gentlemen.

Haughty. What did they give you out of the last Hundred? Come, tell Truth.

Abr. But ten Guineas apiece, upon my Reputation; they are in very indifferent Circumstances, and their Employment obliges them to make a good Appearance in the World; so I took the Will for the Deed, because I believe they do their best to serve your Honour.

Haughty. I'll see them on *Saturday*; but it grows near Ten, I must be gone. Mind your Instructions.
[Exit Lord Haughty.]

ABRAHAM *solus.*

Well, this Master of mine is the most harden'd old Sinner that ever I knew, following Strumpets for ever, when he had more need to be thinking on his Grave; but that is not the worst of him, for now he has a great Itch to be giving up his old Friend who supplied him in the Day of his Necessity, and has ventured his Neck to serve him more than once. However, I think, I have talk'd him out of that, Thanks to the natural Cowardice of his own Temper. I wish I was fairly out of his Service, for I see what one has to expect and Thanks to my own Care, I have saved up enough to maintain myself for Life; nay, and a good round Family too, when I get it.

A I R

A I R XIX.

Tune, The bonny grey-ey'd Morn.

*Ambition changeth Mankind in a trice,
And bids at nothing stick raise us high;
It quickly stains the Soul with ev'ry Vice,
And leads us on to Crimes of deepest Die.*

*Swoll'n with a Gust of Power the Great forget,
And treat each humble Friend with haughty Tone;
Till, by a sudden Fate in luckless Hour,
Dejected and despis'd, they fall alone.*

Enter PATTY.

Abr. Dear Mrs. Martha, this is kind indeed:

Patty. Truly, Mr. Abraham, you are not much oblig'd to me, if you knew all; I am almost frighten'd to Death

Abr. I am sorry for that with all my Heart; but pray tell me what has frighten'd you?

Patty. Oh, it would take up a whole Day to give you the Story; but, in short, my Mistress sent me to a certain Lady for the Evening, and she carried me upon such an Exploit, that two Hours ago I would have given my Life for a Farthing. I have left her at her own House half dead with Vexation; so, happening to pass by your Door, I saw your Lord come out, and knew he was going to our House; finding you did not attend him I took the Liberty to step in, that I may compose myself a little before I go home.

H

Abr.

Abr. I am very much grieved, my Dear, that it should be in any Body's Power to expose you to such Dangers and Temptations; and to deal sincerely with you, I don't care how soon we both quit our Places: I have enough, and am resolved to forsake this sinful Way of living, where one is obliged to lie, and stand Pimp from *June* to *January*. My Lord's Example has made me commit many Sins; and your Place is yet more dangerous: You are young and pretty, and for ought I know, my Lord may one time or other take it in his Head to like you better than your Mistress; and should his Tongue and his Money prevail, it would break my Heart. Now, if you can love me, name your own Time, and I'll conduct you to the Man in Black, who will quickly make us one. Come, don't stand, shall I, shall I; but tell me your Mind at once.

Patty. Why then, Mr. *Abraham*, since your Designs are honourable, I am your's for ever: I lov'd you from the very first time I saw you, but was afraid you might be false-hearted, which made me endeavour to hide it from you.

Abr. Then I am truly happy; we will be married to-morrow, if you please, and leave this wicked Town next Week. I am very suspicious my Lord will come to an ill End, because he has disoblig'd all Mankind; his Friends by his Pride, and his Enemies by his Crimes; and if such a Thing should happen your Mistress is ruin'd of course; so it's best for us to get speedily out of the Way, and not stay to share their Fate. What says my Dearest?

Patty. But what shall I say to my Lady for leaving her so suddenly?

Abr. Why e'en stay out now you are out, and send her Word to-morrow, that you are married, and

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and can't come; and there will be an End on't at once.

Patty. But where must I go to Night? For, to speak Truth, I dont much care to go home any more; for, at my Mistress's way of going on, one may be drawn into Inconveniencies.

Abr. You shall lie with one of our Maids, whom I will trust with the Secret, and she shall be Bride-Maid; and we will will make one another happier than all the great Folks in the World.

Patty. Then farewell Servitude, and a Fig for my Mistress: I assure you, Love, I shall think myself her Betters when I am your Wife.

A I R XX.

Tune, Which no body can deny.

*If you then, my Dearest, but make me your Wife,
It will quit us at once of our Care and our Strife,
And give me Precedence for Term of my Life;*

Which no Body, &c.

*I'll then of Skirressa herself take the Door;
For your quondam Lord Hanghty must own on this
score,*

That the Wife of his Porter takes Place of his Whore.

Which no Body, &c.

[Exit. Abraham and Patty.]

SCENE *a large Room in Schirrus's House.*

Enter ALMIRUS, VANELIA, and LUCY.

Alm. I did not imagine we should have got in so easily.

Van. The poor Country-Fellow that open'd the Door I suppose is a Stranger, and don't understand the way of the House yet.

Lucy. How innocently he told my Lord, that his Master was busy with a Gentlewoman, and that his Mistress was at Home, but could not be seen. How *Schirrus* will stare when he find us here?

Van. Are we not a little too free to walk up Stairs unask'd?

Alm. Not at all, Would you have us stand upon Ceremony till they are alarm'd, and so lose the Opportunity of Discovery.

Van. I don't see how we are to do it now: You won't pretend to search the House, I suppose.

Alm. Faith, but I do; they can but say I am unmannerly. The Lady has taken great Liberties with you, I am resolved to be as free with her. In order to begin, I must peep into every Hole round this Room; here are two or three Doors: Pry'thee *Lucy* help me.

[He opens a Closet, and she another.]

Lucy. What has your Lordship found there?

Alm. Nothing but foul Linnen, and a Pot of Lip-Salve.

Lucy. If you please to step hither, you'll find Things in better Order; I suppose this is the Study.

[Takes up the Book.]

Alm. On my Conscience, Girl, thou has guess'd it, Oh here's Devotion in Abundance, intermix'd with

with smutty Poems, and *Billetdeux*, the sure Token of a Bawdy-House. [Laughs.

Van. How can you be so rude? I protest I blush for you both.

[Opens another Door, and discovers
Lord Haughty and Skirressa.

Alm. This Place, I fancy, will afford a better Scene, I humbly beg Your Lordship's Pardon, and yours, good Madam: but I'll shut the Door again, till you get your Clothes on. Gad, I did not imagine I should find you in the State of Innocence; if I had, I would have provided some Fig-Leaves for your fair *Eve*.

[He shuts the Door to.

Lucy. Dear, I could never have believed this, if I had not seen it with my own Eyes: notwithstanding so many People said so, I always took Madam *Skirressa* for a godly virtuous Lady.

Van. What have you to say against it now, Mrs. *Pert*? The old Gentleman that is with her, by his bald Pate seems to be her Father-Confessor, but I own I never suspected her being a Catholick before.

Alm. You have certainly guess'd it, Madam; and I suppose this is the Hour of Discipline, *à la mode de Pere Girard*. Ha! ha! ha!

Enter to them Lord HAUGHTY, leading SKIRRESSA.

Haughty. Laugh on, good People, we come to join in your Mirth, as we are all guilty of the Sin; Love and Pleasure must be term'd so. Let us agree for the future, and live like Friends. Among ourselves we'll throw off all Disguise, but keep up still an Appearance of Gravity to the World; 'tis absolutely necessary. How say you, is it a Peace?

Alm.

Alm. With all my Heart, my Lord: May it prove a lasting one.

Van. Come, Madam, be not uneasy at the Discovery we have made; since, if you think fit to wink at my single Fault, and never more speak ill-natur'dly of me, I give my Word I will keep your Secret inviolable.

Skir. I shall esteem Your Ladyship's Friendship as the greatest Honour, and make it my Study to merit it.

Haughty. Since we are so happily reconcil'd, you'll favour us with your Company; Supper is almost ready. This good Understanding will be of great Use to us all. Had it happen'd sooner, the Publick would never have heard of our Foibles; but as it is, we must punish them into Silence, and not suffer the Wretches even to think it possible for the Great to offend: I have had wonderful Success that way. [Sings.

A I R XXI.

Tune, Gossip Joan.

*'As Neighbours all we are,
And of like Inclinations;
Let it be each one's Ca——re,
To guard our Reputations,*

Neighbours all.

*He who with formal Cant
Unto the World most grave is,
Beneath the seeming Sa——int
At bottom greatest Knave is,*

Neighbours all.

The

*The Fair in outward Shew,
Who most puts on the prude Air,
We by Experience kn——ow,
In private is the lewder,*

Neighbours all;

*Then since alike in Sin,
Let one ne'er gibe another,
But live like Folks a——kin,
As Sister and as Brother,*

Neighbours a.l.

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